

EASTER SERMON.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LAST RESURRECTION.

"It Would Not Be Much of a God Who Could Do Things Only as Far as Man Can Understand"—Nearly All Is Mystery.

TOPEKA, March 25, 1894.—The Easter services in the tabernacle today were attended by immense audiences. Beautiful floral decorations almost hid the pulpit from view, and the great organ gave forth its most rapturous strains in honor of the day. In the forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered an eloquent sermon, the text being taken from Genesis 23: xvii, xviii: "And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees which were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question. What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernatural beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day tend to be potted and transplanted under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all辉煌 with floral splendor.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north, and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, violets and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beyrouth you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oaks of frozen elms, and the tamarisks of the tropics, walnut and willow, bay and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine. And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after on the soldier's spear his last drop of blood had congealed. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be transformed and tree-shaded. In Jane Greenwood is Brooklyn's question.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground?" On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slabs that can afford but two words, "Our Miry," or "Our Charley?" Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any in the sky, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the pineshore that day shall turn under the last rose leaf, and the last chimaster, if out of the broken sea shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph, until some voice that talked into it a year ago just before our friend's decease, says, "You touch the lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed." If a man can do that, can not Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed?

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who tell in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments of exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body-manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out as apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out planes and organs. And so into the factory of the grave, you put in pneumonias and consumptions and they come out health. You put in grecians and they come out hallenjais. For on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had pealed them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be still compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defective spot in his physical constitution; a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a wrinkled brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind of a season of overwork assails

bandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years, a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth, i.e., out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model. God could make a perfect man, surely, out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely, the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mystery about it? Oh, yes, that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mystery? Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubt clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones coming in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If it should go through this audience, and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensations of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is the world. It intrudes, its surroundings, and even its luxuries, are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and more peculiarly gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had the infinite rest from the first respiration and the last beat.

If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum beat for the march of life thirty, or forty, or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no respite by day or night, and whether in conscious or comatose state it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit and soul, for the ascension says that after the last expiration of lung and the last beat of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can bat.

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good fresh clean soil will wash off the last age, and then some of the same size of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in Paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constituted, without our going back into the dust?

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wind of a season of overwork assails

the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that

the doctors, and nurses, and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to

do, will be to rest without interruption

for the broken nights of the earthly

existence. Not only will that day be

the beatification of well kept cere-

teries, but some of the graveyards that

have been neglected and been the

pasture ground for cattle, and rooting

places for swine, will for the first time

have attractiveness given them.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's

resurrection our resurrection, if we

are his, and the resurrection of all the

pious dead, is assured, for he was "the

first fruits of them that slept." Renan

says he did not rise, but five hundred

and eighty witnesses, sixty of them

Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for

they saw him after he had risen. If

he did not rise, how did sixty armed

soldiers let him get away? Surely

sixty living soldiers ought to be able

to keep one dead man. Blessed be

God! He did get away. After his

resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him

Cleopatra saw him. Ten disciples in an

upper room at Jerusalem saw him.

On a mountain the eleven saw him.

Five hundred at once saw him. Prof.

Ernest Renan, who did not see him,

will excuse us for taking the testimony of

the five hundred and eighty who did

see him. Yes, yes; he got away. And

that makes me sure that our departed

loved ones and we ourselves shall get

away. Freed himself from the shackles

of death, he is not going to leave us

and ours in the lurch.

There will be no door knob on the

inside of our family sepulcher, for we

can not come out of ourselves; but

there is a door knob on the outside,

and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and

open, will say: "Good morning!

You have slept long enough! Arise!

Arise!" And then what better of

wings, and what gladness rushing

across the family lot, with cries of

"Father, is that you?" "Mother,

is that you?" "My darling, is that

you?" "How you have all changed!

The cough gone, the croak gone,

the paralysis gone, the weariness

gone. Come, let us ascend together!

The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quiet now, get into line! The skyward procession has

already started! Steer now by that

embankment of cloud for the nearest gate! And as we ascend, on the

gate the earth gets smaller until it is

no larger than a mountain, and smaller

until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no longer than a speck.

Farewell, desolating earth! But on

the other side, as we rise, heaven at

first appears no larger than your hand, and nearer it looks like a chair, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to part! That is what resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes me sure that the rate would be declared of today.

MAY GO FOR 50 CENTS

If the War Over Kansas City Tickets Keep Up.

Easter Sunday, a desire to go some place, and a railroad rate war were the combined causes that sent several hundred Topeka people to spend yesterday in Kansas City.

The rate war was the most potent feature in inducing the crowds to go to Kansas City.

The regular fare to Kansas City from Topeka is \$2, but a little difference between the local ticket agents reduced the rate to one fare for the round trip, and finally the rate was cut to \$1 for the round trip and the ticket brokers sold single trip tickets to Kansas City for 30 cents.

The fight was the result of an effort of the Santa Fe and Rock Island ticket agents to sell tickets to a party of about 25 Knights of Pythias who went to Kansas City last Thursday night.

The representative of the Knights first called on Major T. J. Anderson, general passenger agent of the Rock Island, and asked for a special rate for their party. They were told that the party rate of 2 cents a mile was the best that could be done for them.

The Santa Fe ticket agents heard that a rate of one fare for the round trip had been offered the Knights, but this was denied by the Rock Island agents.

The Knights went to Kansas City on the Rock Island, and the next morning a rate of one fare for the round trip was posted in the window of the Santa Fe ticket office. The \$2 rate did not have the desired effect, and Saturday morning the Rock Island reduced the rate to \$1 for the round trip.

The Santa Fe and Union Pacific immediately cut the \$1 rate and about noon on Saturday the broker put out a sign that he would sell single trip tickets to Kansas City for 25 cents.

The ticket brokers were on site Saturday and it was understood that the rate would be good only until today, but this morning the broker still had his 50 cent rate displayed on his bulletin board.

Major Anderson said today: "This fight is not for my road, and we make the road and compete the Santa Fe to carry all the people." On account of their early morning play, the Santa Fe gets most of the Kansas City business and we are making them dance to our tune. If that broker does not take down that 50 cent rate sign down today I will make the rate 50 cents for the round trip tomorrow."

Altogether about 300 or 400 people went down to Kansas City yesterday, the Santa Fe had most of the business carrying between 400 and 500.

Assistant General Passenger Black said this morning that the rate would be declared of today.

MORE ROOM FOR GRAVES.

Soldiers' Plot at the Cemetery Nearly Full—Will Be Enlarged.

For over a year the question of how to provide additional burial space for the old soldiers at the Topeka cemetery, has plagued both the cemetery association and the Grand Army. About ten years ago Dr. F. C. Crane deeded four divisions to section 31 to the trustees of Lincoln Park in trust for the benefit of destitute soldiers of the late war, which ground furnished room for eighty graves. During the past six months ten burials have been made in this space, and there is now room for only ten more graves.

It was the intention of Dr. Crane to use the twenty foot streets between and surrounding the rows of graves in which to mass pictures of soldiers and assemble the public on Memorial Day occasions. But as it is no longer possible to hold such gatherings in the cemetery, the association has worked out a plan by which they hope to solve the question of additional burial space. They have been at work with the committees of the Grand Army Post and it is now proposed to re-plan that part of section 31 deeded to the trustees so as to take in a portion of those wide and useless streets.

Without in any way interfering with the interests of the public or with the outside streets, the present rows of graves will be extended 12.5 feet to the south and additional rows will be provided for with a four foot alley where the 20 foot streets now run. Instead of the 80 graves now provided for there will then be 248.

This additional ground would, at the present price, cost about \$2,000, but the association will ask the Post to expend about \$225, of which at least \$120 will be for grading, sodding, etc., the balance being for moving the log staff and doing other work of that kind.

THE DEATH RECORD.